

Grand Circuit Races Finish Successful Week—News of Horses

Star Drivers of Grand Circuit Meeting



In the photo above are included such well-known drivers as George Castle, Pop Geers, Lon McDonald, Knap McCarthy, Walter Cox, Billy Anderson, and Mike McDevitt.

COMMENTARIES ON A WEEK OF GRAND CIRCUIT RACING AT NORTH RANDALL

By L. D. SALE.

The Grand Circuit has arrived. This week, Detroit.

To the light-harness horsemen, Grand Circuit events are annually looked forward to with intense interest. As it is the highest ambition of English breeders to produce or own a Derby winner, so does every light-harness horse breeder in the United States and the Canadian Dominion have a keen eye on the Grand Circuit winner; for to him is given the highest honors of the trotting turf.

The ambition of men leads them in various directions. Some men dedicate their lives to the achievement of building up of great industries; others to the acquisition of a profitable law practice; others would become great merchant princes or kings of finance; others still would become great statesmen. But it cannot be said that any man, however successful in either of these lines of human endeavor, derives greater personal satisfaction from his achievements than he who breeds or owns a Uhlan, a Colorado, or a Hamburg Belle.

At the opening of the Grand Circuit at North Randall, near Cleveland, on Monday, four horses were conspicuous. Belwin, that has swept everything before him in the Michigan Short Ship Circuit, was the favorite. He was owned by Marshall, who won the 2:30 trot; Peter Stevens, who won the 2:10 pace, and Farmer Spears, who won two heats in the 2:10 trot. In only one race, the 2:10 trot, did Murphy drive a horse to victory, while Cox had to be contented with third place in the 2:30 trot, won by Snow. Geers could get no better than eighth position in the summary of the 2:10 pace, won by Peter Stevens.

Referring to Sunday and Murphy in last Sunday's Herald, we took occasion to say that in spite of the fact that they were supposed to have in their hands the keys to the Grand Circuit, it would doubtless be found that horses would appear from other states quite as good as any they owned or controlled. The result of Monday's events proves the contention for that one day, at least, and there will be other days, before the circuit ends, when the three best drivers on the Grand Circuit will be compelled to ride in the rear.

The Edwards Stake, worth \$3,000 (2:10 pace), was the event of Monday and brought out fifteen horses, and Peter Stevens, the winner, was compelled to pace some fast miles to win. The first heat was paced in 2:53.4 and the second heat was paced in 2:51.4 and the half in 1:02. The third heat was paced in 2:51.4 and the half in 1:03. Peter the Great has sired numerous sensational trotters, and no real sensational pacer, aside from the fact that he is the sire of the winner of the event went to the son of Peter the Great.

Second, each trip, and the chaser-out, as it were, was the black stallion Walnut Grove, by Constantine, 2:12.1. Constantine was a race horse of high merit and they are seven years old, the record of Constantine is the sire of some high-class pacers. It is Wilkes Boy blood, and that is the blood that can stand the pace and season or two and was questioned. The 2:12.1, is also by Constantine, 2:12.1, and this fact should make her a dangerous factor in a race where the heats are split. We venture to predict that between Cleveland and Grand Rapids Walnut Grove will head a summary.

Caper Sauce has come back to Windsor, says Detroit News.

The oldest horse on the turf is still as frisky as a two-year-old, and much more so. Tempered. His owner and trainer, Sol Mintz, wanted to pension the old thoroughbred this year, but Caper Sauce is again at the races, and earning his feed, too.

For nine years Caper Sauce has been winning races in Canada. When one bears in mind that the majority of thoroughbreds are retired from the turf before they are seven years old, the record of the Mintz campaign is remarkable. Caper Sauce, a son of Morpheus and New Dance, is eleven years old, and for eight straight years won the Whitney purse at the Woodbine in Toronto. Such a record, a lifetime agreement, has not been borne by any other performer in their memory.

Caper Sauce started in the first race at Windsor a few days ago, and though his company was a trifle fast for him he played up without a sign of senescence and never took a long breath as he was being cooled out.

"Old Caper Sauce knows me as well as I know him," declared the owner, "he never asks for water or exercise. When he wants a drink he leaves his stall and goes to the trough, and when he is hungry he goes to the feed bin. He is so accustomed to the routine of horse life on a racetrack that he knows what he has to do without being led or told."

In the winter Caper Sauce has a pretty soft time. He has a paddock of his own to frolic about in and a nice warm box stall when the snow is on the ground outside. At the big Mintz farm, near Burlington village, a short distance from

worthy, formerly owned by ex-Senator J. W. Bailey, of Texas. Guy Arworthy was sold at a Madison Square Garden sale during the past winter, and many persons thought the distinguished Texas greatly overrated the horse as a sire in some printed remarks by him on his merits as an extreme speed sire. There were eight three-year-olds in the event, and it is worthy of remark that not one of the lot was distanced.

From a speculative viewpoint (although public speculation is no longer permitted at North Randall), the Ohio \$5,000 2:10 trot was the feat of the afternoon. Eleven seasoned trotters started in the event. Lou McDonald, who seems to be riding in form more than usual this season, won it in straight heats with Star Winter, son of Ed Winter, beating the hitherto unbeaten \$10,000 Lulu Lumine in Murphy's stable. Back of Lulu at

the finish of each were such trotters as Monty Bellini, Judson Girl, Harry J. and Meola that won the \$5,000 stake from the local mare Berka, in Richmond, two seasons ago.

When Star Winter won the third heat of his race in 2:35 flat on Tuesday, it constituted a high-water mark for the season and for the event. McDonald scored again in the curtain-raiser of the day—the 2:10 trot—with Dora further penalized by being set down for thirty days for striking Driver Coles, of Pittman, N. J., with a whip. Miller bears "in his own home town" the reputation of being a very mild sort of man.

One Washington horse, W. E. Miller's Mary Ellen, cashed first money at Wilmington, Del., on Tuesday in the 2:15 pace, and the daughter of Belmont Prince was the first of a race which had no less than 2:14.4 to 2:12.1. Before the race ended, however, Miller was lifted from his sulky and S. E. Bull was given the reins over the swift mare. The race without a hitch was being set down for thirty days for striking Driver Coles, of Pittman, N. J., with a whip. Miller bears "in his own home town" the reputation of being a very mild sort of man.

It is fair to assume that he would not have resorted to violence in the midst of a race without a very good reason. However, discipline on race tracks must be maintained at all hazards. To be set down for thirty days while the racing season is ripening is no light punishment to a man like Miller. His mare, Virginia Augusta, was not quite good enough to cope with Herman Tyson's Riddle Penn in the 2:10 trot, although she won the first heat. Corbin, in the same event, got third money with Star Grattan, finishing second in the fourth heat, where the exciting finishes gave the spectators numerous thrills.

The park is owned and maintained by the county and the cost for upkeep is very small.

For many years the Gentlemen's Driving Club, in Cleveland, conducted weekly matinees that were free to the public. These matinees were held in the famous old Glenville track, and the club members stood the cost of the upkeep of the track, the printing of programs and the hiring of horses and drivers. The club also became a feature only when the march of progress forced the owners of the track to cut it up into building lots, forcing the amateur drivers from the home they had for so many years.

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The premium list of the seventh annual horse and colt show, to be held at Hamilton, Md., August 1-14, in print and in being circulated. No entries will be accepted after August 1. Louis A. Randall, Highland, Howard County, is secretary, and the show will be open to all. All entrance fees must accompany entries. A colt foaled any time in 1913 will be classed as a yearling. The committee reserves the right to decline or reject any entry. Ladies may compete with gentlemen in any class. Any horse entered, but not exhibited, will forfeit its entrance fee unless a satisfactory reason is given to the committee. New harness or new vehicles will have no preference, but cars and attention in regard to each must be shown. Bells will be reserved, until sold, for \$2. Upward of \$1,000 will be distributed during the one day of the show.

The Coleville horse and colt show will be held on Benton G. Ray's North-west Farm, near Coleville, ten miles north of Washington, on August 12. Similar rules will prevail at this show as obtain at Highland. Liberal premiums will be distributed in each class, and liberal treatment will be accorded to entrants. Those who are interested in the spacious and beautiful meadows of Northwest Farm, and return home charmed with their day's outing. This grand stand will be opened for those who wish to see the show from a favorable viewpoint. Entries for the show have been coming in rapidly during the past two weeks, and all that is expected in horseflesh will be in evidence during the day. The Montgomery County fair will follow the Coleville horse and colt show, the opening day being August 23. There will be trotting and running races each afternoon during the fair, and from what can be learned on that point from the racing committee, the show will be worth going a long distance to witness.

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George Chip, who wore the middle-weight crown until Al McCoy came along and knocked it off, has had a change of hands of any living fighter, according to ring experts. "I owe it to Johnny Coulton, the former champion, who taught me boxing," he stated in the fighting game my hands were soft, and after every fight I'd have swollen and bruised hands. "One day I told Coulton about it. Johnnie said: 'Get a broom handle, twist it for an hour or so each day, and in a month you'll see a change.' "Well, I took Johnnie's advice, and the muscles on my hands began to develop and harden, the knuckles became strong, and I never afterward had any trouble with my hands in my fights."

Leach Cross and Jose Rivers will soon become as well known a team as Sam Langford and Joe Jeannette. Joe fought several years ago. Sam and Jose fought anywhere between fifteen to twenty times in a few years. Leach and Jose are out to the public to show that they are signed to fight for the fourth time. They will trade wallops next Tuesday night before Tom McCarey's Vernon Club. The distance is twenty rounds. Leach is one of the three previous engagements Jose has managed to show just a wee bit superiority. Cross promises to settle all disputes this time by administering a knockout potion to the pseudo Mexican.

Sam Mandy, manager of Joe Goldberg, the Rochester middle-weight, has added Young Limbo and Young Specs to his stable. Specs is open to battle the best at 132 pounds. Mandy's office is at 137 Havemeyer street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Tommy Walsh writes from New Orleans that Joe Mandot will be prepared to meet the middle-weight champion in the Crescent City during the next season. Mandot likes the twenty-round distance, and as the new law permits the middle-weight fight in New Orleans, the Southern boy should have no trouble in doing it. Mandot is one of the few so-called light-weights who can make 132 pounds ring-side and at that weight there are few who can defeat him decisively.

Mike Gibbons, of St. Paul, seems to be the middle-weight champion on the United States and Australia, and Europe, too, provided that Georges Carpentier, of France, can make the weight no longer.

George Chip's knockout victory over Billy Murray, of California, about ten days ago, puts Chip back near the top of the middle-weight division again. Chip held the middle-weight title when Al McCoy, regarded as the yellowest sort of a lemon, came along and unhooked a punch that landed upon Chip's jaw and sent him down and out. Those who have seen both Chip and McCoy in their fights before and since then declare that Chip is a far better boxer and hitter than McCoy, but that if they meet again there will be nothing to it but Chip. McCoy stacked up against him in two bouts in New York and Chicago, and the opinion of the boxing world is that Murray outpointed McCoy on both occasions.

And then Chip came along and knocked out Murray, after having him helpless almost from the start of the battle.

Joe Rivers, the Mexican light-weight, is an enigma to the fight fans. Put against a dub scrapper, Joe shows up like a world beater. He hits with terrific power, uses wonderful ring generalship, and carries an almost invulnerable defense, and is heady and cool at every stage of the fight.

But Joe against a champ or near champ, is an entirely different person. He acts like a man in a daze. His blows lack steam, his generalship is a joke, and he has too far to the door and he plunged through a window, taking screen and all with him. With the screen for a colt, he continued down the street. Copeland forgot his aching head; he just kept on running. Several of his friends gave chase. He finally was caught and the weak, dumb, and not serious, was treated. "I thought I was dead," gasped Copeland.

ST. DOMINIC'S AFTER GAMES.

St. Dominic's altar boys would like to arrange a game with any sixteen-year-old team in the city, to be played on the day of St. Dominic's excursion at Marshall Hall July 30, 1914. For particulars write to Manager B. Edward Shiesinger, 211 Street southwest.

The value of Wilbert Robinson to the Giants is plainly shown by the way McCarty's pitchers have been going since Robbie left to assume his own burden in Brooklyn.

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